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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT B. CASSIDY  
of the Middlesex Bar.



*His Home in Centerville*



1932, A-4

THE EAGLE,  
ARLINGTON,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

BY  
ROBERT B. CAVERLY.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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Artist, W. H. TITCOMBE.

Engraver, E. A. FOWLE.

For me and thee, what joys to come!  
To meet, for aye to be but one,  
Good night, my dear, come home!

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Art. TITCOMBE.

Eng'r. FOWLE.

Now the icy bleak November  
Comes to drive thee far from me:  
Long will I thy love remember,  
Far, my blessings follow thee!

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Art. TITCOMBE.

Eng'r FOWLE.

The instinct of his nature rare,  
His head was high to the tainted air,  
As if in expectation;





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## AN EAGLE.



THE Eagle that gave occasion to this song came into Lowell and took his stand within the enclosure, on the lofty shaft erected at the tomb of the first martyrs of the rebellion. (a)

His appearance there, in the heart of a populous city, so far distant from the mountains, awakened amazement. The throngs that gathered and gazed upon him, were greatly moved by an advent so strangely extraordinary; perhaps ominous.

(b) Some days afterwards, in a neighboring town, he was decoyed and captured. His strength was hereulean. His captor (it is said,) suffered damage through the loss of garments, in the act of taking him.

(c) He was then obtained by an association of young men, and for some time was held on exhibition.

(d) At length, certain merchants, by contribution, purchased his freedom.

(e) At the hour appointed for his release, he was taken to a high

tower, and thousands witnessed his beauty of movement, and swift-ness of flight, when he took his departure towards the hill-tops afar off.

(f) Mr. Wilson, the Ornithologist, speaks of the Eagle thus:—  
“This bird has been long known to Naturalists, being common to both continents. . . . Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of out-stripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to little localities, or to the change of season, as, in a few minutes, he can pass from summer to winter,—from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abodes of eternal cold; and thence descend at will to the torrid, or to the Arctic regions of the earth. . . . Perched on an eminence at the sea shore, he awaits the approach of the fish hawk. The fish hawk dives down rapid as an arrow from heaven, and disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the Eagle are all ardor,—and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey and mounting the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our Hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above

the other, displaying in these rencounters, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions.

The unincumbered Eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the hawk drops his fish.

The Eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his booty away to the woods.”—See *Wilson’s Ornithology*, p. 326.

In the light of history, the life of the Eagle is long and eventful. <sup>(1)</sup> His career has been noted from the earliest ages. His life *means something*.

(g) Before Christ 2350 years, NOAH saw him, when he gathered together “into the ark two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life; when the rain was upon the earth, forty days and forty nights.”—Gen. 7: 12-15.

(h) 830 years afterwards JOB saw him:—“Doth the Eagle mount up at Thy command and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.

“From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.

“Her young ones also suck up blood, and where the *slain are*, there is she.”—Job 39: 27, 28, 29, 30.

(i) 130 years later MOSES saw him:—“The Lord’s portion is his people. Jacob was the lot of his inheritance. . . .

“As an Eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings.

“So the Lord alone did lead him.”—Deut. 32: 9-11, 12.

(j) When 430 years more had transpired, DAVID saw him when he sung:—“Bless the Lord. . . . Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle’s.”—Ps. 103: 5.

(k) Blind HOMER, 120 years later, knew him when he sung of “the Sire.”

“And forthwith he sent an eagle, the most perfect of birds, holding a fawn in his talons, the off-spring of a swift deer; and near the *very beauteous altar* of Jove, he cast down the fawn.”—*Homer’s Iliad*, B. 8, p. 142.

(l) ISAIAH, 188 years later, knew him (Isaiah 40: 3). And about the same period SOLOMON saw him:—“Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away like an Eagle toward heaven.”—Prov. 23: 5.

(m) He was known of OBADIAH, 125 years later. “Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.”—Obad. 1: 4.

(n) EZEKIEL, at the same period, saw him, and made him the representative of Royalty in the planting of the Cedar, which became a vine. In that parable, among other things, he says:—

“A great eagle, with great wings, long winged, full of feathers,

which had divers colors, *came unto Lebanon*, and took the highest branch of the cedar.

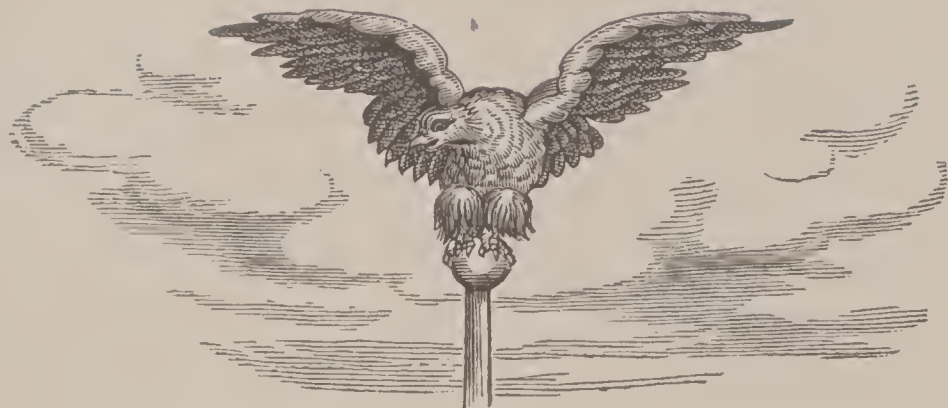
“He cropped off the top of his young twigs, and carried it into a land of traffic.

“He set it in a *city of merchants*; and it grew and became a spreading vine of low stature, whose branches turned toward him, and the roots thereof were under him, so it became a vine, and brought forth branches, and shot forth sprigs. . . . Say thou, Thus saith the Lord God, Shall it prosper?”—Ezekiel 17: 3, 4, 5-12.

And now in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, in the 4th month, on the 10th day, the Eagle again appears, (*a*) and, as if still contemplating the vast events of the world, stands high on the shaft, above “*the very beauteous altar*” of our God.







I.



H! why are ye here, sad, so lonely away,  
High perched, from the dawn to the noon  
of the day,  
Like a Priest or a Prophet, surveying the Town,  
Or one of the gods, strange, immortal, sent down :  
Thy countenance cool, and thy temples all white,  
Like the snows of wild winter, or frosts of the  
night ;  
And thine eye full of light, so sagacious appears,  
Bespeaks thee a sage in the wisdom of years ;

So much like an angel in pinion of wing,  
So grave and majestic, we hail thee a King!

## II.

What reason, O tell us, ignoble or strong,  
Hath moved thy far-coming and led thee along?  
Of time in the distance or knowledge of ages,  
And what ye have seen of the saints and the sages ;  
Thy life-long experience, thy mental condition,  
Thy habits historic, untold of tradition ;  
What thought in thy temples still turns in transition,  
And the hope, if ye have it, of final fruition?  
O tell us, now waiting as we gaze from the Town,  
And let the light of thy life in its gladness shine  
down.

## III.

'T was thus that we hailed him ; we sought a  
reply ;  
But the shades of a tempest still floated on high.

He stood like the sun, then beclouded at noon,  
And the tear that he shed, fell down on the tomb.  
We glanced and perceived a great grief had come  
o'er him, —

For the forms of the dead in a cloud stood before  
him ;

Such forms then so God-like, 't was awful to see !

## IV.

They had borne his own image on the flag of the  
free ;

They had battled in life for that banner of right,  
They had kindled the life-blood of men in their  
might,

The tyrant at war; to the shades they had hurled,  
And had calmed the emotions of God and the world.

We list for the answer—in throngs volunteered,  
And waited entranced, till that cloud disappeared ;  
When forth in obeisance he bowed like a man  
In the fullness of heart,—and thus he began :

## V.

“On a cliff in the heavens, beyond the bright sun,  
High above old Arcturus, my being begun;  
Near where the Arch angels, with banners unfurled,  
Chant holy hosannas to the God of the world,—  
Up near where the fields bright beaming are proud,  
Like the tints 'mid the rain-drops, of the bow in  
the cloud,

Where the lakes, and the rivers, soft silver unfold,  
And the rocks of the mountains are garnished with  
gold;

Where, sweeter than morn in the glory of spring,  
The lily waves wide, and the wild warblers sing;  
From the farthest fixed star, as ye see it bright  
burning,

Around which the spheres, vast, eternal, are turning;  
Near where the great Maker stood forth from His  
throne,

When He framed the Creation, and called it His own,  
From *there* I've descended.

## VI.

Long, long are the ages  
Of life's varied journey, and tragic the stages  
Through which I have come ;—ever anxious to ken  
The ways of the world, and the movements of men ;—  
How the Fathers of old, ever true to persuasion,  
From Adam descended, your own blood relation,—  
Then nearly allied to me and to mine ;—  
Their deeds are adorned on the tablets of time.

## VII.

But sin much abounded, so fearful its form,  
It curtained the earth with a terrible storm ;  
To rage wild, unbounded, dread wrath to betoken,  
The heavens were opened, and their bottles all broken ;  
The God of the skies through the tempest was  
frowning,

And the world, full of nations, in a deluge was  
drowning.

## VIII.

Old Noah, to rescue the races, and *then*  
To improve the behavior of the children of men,  
Had fashioned a vessel, stupendous and strong,  
And sought the best blood of the clamorous throng  
To cull out a cargo; he gathers together  
The twain of each tribe, (<sup>g</sup>) notwithstanding the  
weather,  
Of beast and of bird, the deep deck overflowing,  
The long serpent hissing, and bullocks loud lowing,  
Huge lions, that roar, and creatures that quack  
'Mid the turmoil of terror, completed the pack.

## IX.

The Ark, then, uneasy at the flow of the fountains,  
Is dashed on the deep by a surge from the mountains;  
The tribes of creation, on board at their quarters,



High, now on the billows, they plow the wild waters ;  
O'er dale, over mountain, in the midst of that night,  
Overwhelming the tree-tops, deep buried from sight.  
'Twas awful ! the west-winds in anger were growling,  
Then gales from the eastward, high-heaving, came  
howling ;

Then the North, and the South gales, gushing  
together,

Roared rough o'er the wave-tops ; tempestuous  
weather !—

With thunder, and storm, and foaming of flood  
For the sins of the world ;—'twas the vengeance  
of God !

## x.

Then when the fair Phœbus had dried up the  
fountains,  
And the windows were opened, <sup>(2)</sup> away to the  
mountains

We wandered—near then to the gates of Gomorrah,  
In the sight of old Job, in a cloud of dread sorrow,  
Unchanged by the union of ills that betide him,  
Unmoved by temptation of Satan beside him,  
His mantle hath fallen, his locks have been shorn,  
Up there from the ashes (<sup>3</sup>) he stands forth forlorn.

## XI.

We listen and linger;—he made my acquaintance; (<sup>h</sup>)  
'T was there to the nations, a lesson of patience,  
A lesson of love in the bonds of affliction,—  
Of faith true in God;—and a warm benediction  
He left to the world. Ah! 't is well worth the  
labor

To know him a Patriarch, a friend or a neighbor.  
To him was the triumph in work and in word,  
That savors of kindness to beast or to bird;  
To man or to angel, to Gentile or Jew,  
To earth's creeping creatures, as well as to you.

## XII.

Then next of the heathen, 't is but a brief story ;  
The Assyrian and Arab made idols their glory ;  
They, thus in delusion wild then as it ran,  
Created an image, a bird with a man. <sup>(4)</sup>  
Dumb, dumb was that god, and delusive the glory  
Of man in his folly ! he fell down before me ;  
Such worship revolting, the birds, they repel it,  
And the beasts in derision, they laugh when I tell it.  
Yet prone to nude notions, the idol, he seeks it  
In life and in death—'t was the sin of old Egypt.

## XIII.

Down the deserts of Horeb <sup>(5)</sup> near the bush and  
the fire,  
Up the pathway of Abram to the mount of Moriah, <sup>(6)</sup>  
On the shores of the seas, on the brow of old  
Tabor,  
On the hills that were shaken at the thunders of  
Kleber, <sup>(7)</sup>

In the vales of Mount Hor, <sup>(8)</sup> of Sinai, <sup>(9)</sup> and  
Carmel, <sup>(10)</sup>

That blot oriental, that worship infernal, —  
Of idols prevailing, devoutly relied on,  
Beclouded the kingdoms in the sight of Mount  
Zion ; — <sup>(11)</sup>

## XIV.

Bewildered the world in the day that discloses  
The law on the tables enacted of Moses,  
*Who*, hating the tyrant and the way of his worship,  
For forty long years 'bore the bones' of old  
Joseph <sup>(12)</sup>

Through the desert, in tempest, in plague, and in war,  
To the high-lands of Pisgah, <sup>(13)</sup> for Canaan afar.

## XV.

Behold, then, the tribes, their Chieftain and Kings,  
From bondage to freedom, transported with wings ! <sup>(14)</sup>  
How then the Egyptians attempting to flee,  
Overturned in their chariots, had sunk in the sea ;

Then how to all Israel a promise was given  
From the god of the tribes—a treasure from heaven ;  
Not then to be measured in meat or in money,  
'T was Canaan o'erflowing of milk and of honey ;  
That the people might prove of a better persuasion,  
'A kingdom of Priests,' a magnanimous nation ;  
To whom the rich manna fell down from above,  
And quails, vast, in showers, descended in love.

## XVI.

Yet long having lived without meal, without  
mutton,  
Allured of temptation, they acted the glutton ;  
Old Satan, secluded, laid wait to decoy them  
To the net of intemperance ;—the plague it destroyed  
them.  
So *died* there the pilgrims ! Such sin, at the best,  
Is a blot on the record of man or of beast.

Still there for the living to lead them aright,

That clond of the day, and that pillar by night,  
Stood high in the heavens, and it welcomed the way ;  
Yet heedless, unholy, they went far astray,  
Their ingots of gold, and their rings at the bridal,  
Collected and melted, created an idol.

Here three thousand perished,—'t was a terrible rod,—  
For the crime of mistaking a *calf* for a GOD ;—  
A signal example, a lesson worth knowing,—  
Still high for the nations that night-star stood glowing.

The pains of the world are the products of vice ;  
They fall in just judgments on men or on mice ;  
Each fault and each folly, in work or in word,  
Though nurtured in nature, must have a reward.

## XVII.

To be led of allurements that tempt to misguide,  
To glory in grandeur, or strut in vain pride,  
Is not mine ; nor to covet unbounded fruition,  
Nor to bask on the brink of unholy ambition ;—



'Your nest' mid the stars, though ye build it in  
mirth, (<sup>m</sup>)

'T will fall to the dust, to the dust of the earth ;  
For the storm, or the whirlwind, that lurks in the  
cloud,

Breaks alike on the pampered, the poor, and the  
proud.

'The high,' though in garlands of glory they revel,  
Far down with the lowly must sink to a level ;—  
Still yet, in the spirit great truth ye discover,  
That the angels are guardians ; above ye they hover ;—  
And though they mount upward to regions high-  
vaulted,

The proud are brought low, and the meek are  
exalted.

## XVIII.

Man toils for rich treasure, (<sup>1</sup>) from the depths  
of rude nature,

He hoards it, he loves it, unlike the mere creature,  
Down, downward he grovels for gold in the dust,  
His garments bespattered, corroded with rust,  
Ah! why will ye covet earth's lucre so vain?  
It dies with your bodies, 't is dross that ye gain,  
'T is the pelf of the moment that flits in the air,  
It feeds upon folly, and dwells in despair.

## XIX.

Why thus do I mention man's darling delusions?  
They strongly impress me, I mean no intrusions.

Since the world is dependent on this, that, and  
tother,

'T is the height of true valor to help one another;  
Not grudgingly right, nor in wrong to appear,  
In the dark cloud of danger, a swift volunteer;—  
God's will with oppression—to never confound it,—  
To leave 'the wide world' no worse than ye found it  
Marks a manly ambition.

My *presence* ye seek,  
As once did the Roman, the Persian and Greek.<sup>(15)</sup>  
The Greeks were inspired, when at heavens high  
portals,

I dropt down a fawn from the gods, the immortals ;<sup>(k)</sup>  
'T was seen of wise Homer, though then in his  
blindness,

With the wrath of Achilles he sung it in kindness ;  
Wild, o'er the vast waters, it stirred up the fountains,  
Entrancing the world as it trilled o'er the mountains,  
Sublime and eternal ; 't was the song of a poet,  
Triumphant and truthful, the nations all know it.

## XX.

Of Nature inspired, in her primitive days,  
And still seeking truth from her works and her ways,  
I've stood on the cedar of Lebanon<sup>(16)</sup> high,  
And down from that mountain, beneath the blue sky,  
Surveyed fair Canaan.

Sought *then*, there to scan  
The mission of mortals, my kindred to man;  
Saw the world in its grandeur, its changing conditions,  
Its weal and its woes, and its strange superstitions;  
Saw the pilgrim 'mid trials, his upward advances,  
With the like aspirations in the high hope of chances,

## XXI.

I plucked there a sprig, and I planted a vine, (<sup>n</sup>)  
And left it to prosper in the progress of time.  
In the land of the 'Merchants,' it grew at my word.  
It lives everlasting, and blessed of the Lord;  
Behold its fair tendrils, with vigor they rise,  
They span the wide world, and they cling to the  
skies.

Prolific, abounding in beauty sublime,  
In the fruits of salvation supremely divine.

## XXII.

I count back the periods that downward have run

From Adam and Moses. Messiah hath come;  
The world stood amazed at his work and his wisdom,  
When in light and in love he established a kingdom.  
Alas! then what crime, what dread horror, what  
shame,

From the high lands of Olivet, <sup>(17)</sup> from Calvary <sup>(18)</sup>  
came!

Huge rocks fall asunder, the mountains vast shaking,  
The temples are troubled—earth rumbling and  
quaking;—

That day became night; the fair sun hid his face,  
And a vail 'red like crimson' overwhelming the  
race—

O 'Father forgive them!' O, Father forgive!

'Tis finished!' He said it, and died;—

## XXIII.

Yet to live  
Earth's kind Intercessor down the ages to come,

'Till through her dominions, God's will shall be done ;  
When the lamb and the lion, foreshadowed of old,  
Shall find sweet contentment beneath the same fold.

Thence, though the frail youth may faint in the  
way,

And strong men, grown weary, may fall at noon-day,  
Deign, deign but to make the Messiah a Friend,  
Your way to high heaven like the EAGLE'S shall  
tend, (<sup>19</sup>)

And though the rough path of life's journey be  
dreary,

Ye'll run a good race, and never get weary.

There's a kind care in God for the pilgrim and  
saint,

Great strength to gain, gladly ye'll walk and not  
faint.

XXIV.

But why should I make many matters my care  
That have no relation to the 'tenants of air'?

The world is our kingdom to gladden and cheer it,  
While the madness of man, we have reason to fear it ;  
To trust to the God-head, that gave the wide wing  
To fly from the fowler—to reverence that King  
Who fashioned a favor to life unprotected,  
That when the worst comes, it comes unexpected—  
Is ours.

Unadmonished, untaught of its powers,  
Grim death has no terror—yet ever 'tis ours  
To know each event of to-day or to-morrow  
Brings forth, in succession, a joy and a sorrow.  
In this desert of dangers, 'tis dear to discern  
Now and then a true kindness, it comes in its turn.  
Coy, heedful, discerning, judicious and keen,  
The wrong and the right to discover between,—  
We live but to notice what Nature ordains,  
Her laws to obey, or to suffer the pains.

Though artful disguises may chance to mislead us,



Our Earth is a *mother*, too true to deceive us ;  
We pride not in lucre, in learning or art,  
But calmly to cherish contentment of heart.

## XXVI.

How can ye gainsay it?—man lives by his booty—  
On mine so do I, and I deem it my duty ; (f)  
Say—is it unlawful to plunder the hawk?—  
Then why cheat the lamb of his life at the block?  
Why frown at the foxes because they inveigle,  
Yet claim their dominion, and glut like the Eagle?

How true ! [ye have said it] what though it be  
scandal,  
To ' strain at a gnat ' is to ' swallow a camel.'

## XXVII.

What can we do better life's mission to fill  
Than to trust the Great Leader, and work at His  
will?  
To Nature and kindred I constant have clung,  
With a care for my home, and a care for my young.

Their beds on the crag-rock with down do I cover,  
And o'er them in storm of the midnight I hover;—  
To nourish their natures, sweet morsels I bring,  
And their weak little bodies I bear on my wing; (i)

## XXVIII.

O, ye who have matrons, yet living or dead,  
Ye'll lend your attention to what I have said;  
For, in the dark hour of fate or of fear,  
There is always *one* heart yet hovering near—  
Hail! hail that dear Mother, our infancy knew,  
Alike ever precious to me or to you!

Sad, here though forever we think of the past,  
Down the pathway of ages we hope to the last;  
Well blest on the journey with faith to recall,  
Ever constant in kindness, One Parent of all;  
Who doth from His bounty frail nature renew, (j)  
Yet never exhausted, eternal and true.  
To live but to love Him, to move at his nod,  
Dame Nature we cherish, and glorify God.

## XXIX.

Farewell! I'll away for the day is far fleeting;  
Devoutly I thank ye, made glad by your greeting;  
I thank ye for kindness in many relations;—  
Ye've written my name on the bright constella-  
tions; (<sup>20</sup>)  
Ye've borne me in battle above on your banners, (<sup>21</sup>)  
And wild on my pinions have wafted hosannas!  
Thanks, now and forever, for these many things!"  
Thus spake the wild hero, and took to his wings. (<sup>e</sup>)

## XXX.

Gone now, he has gone to the hills high away,  
Where the first light of morning breaks dawn into  
day;  
Where the last ray of sunset, straight up from its  
fountain,  
Leaves a lingering star on the brow of the moun-  
tain;  
Where to greet his return, in that region unknown,

Are the hearts of his choice in the bosom of home ;  
Where sweet the wild vespers make music sublime,  
And the skies are in motion at the marching of  
time ;

Up there now to dwell, where Nature first found him,  
In the midst of his kindred fond gathered around  
him ;

With the daisy-dressed wood-nymphs, all curious  
to ken

The health of the hero. They greet him and *then*  
They listen intently.

## XXXI.

And now he relates

The wrath of great kingdoms, and the conflict of  
states ;—

How armies had gathered, again and again,  
How the tramp of the cohorts had shook the vast  
plain ;

Huge navies, wide-sweeping the ocean afar,

And how they had thundered the terrors of war ;—  
How of late, in the tempest of battle loud roaring,  
That moved mighty Nations and draped them in  
mourning, <sup>(22)</sup>

The oppressed had found freedom, how treason had  
quailed,

The wrong had been punished, and the right hath  
prevailed.

## XXXII.

Then how at Wamesit, of ancient renown,  
He'd made some acquaintance ;—In sight of the  
Town

Had pinioned the tombstone of heroes as high  
As when on the cedar he stood in the sky ;  
Where of old he had witnessed the red man and  
tribe,

Deep then in the forest, high then on the tide

Of the Concord's calm confluence. Well fed at  
this fountain

Of shad in the Merrimac, and Moose on the moun-  
tain,

He'd seen Wonalancet. (<sup>23</sup>) Proceeds to portray

The contrast of ages, the past with to-day;

Where the war-whoop resounded, where the savage  
then trod,

Stood the valiant old Eliot at the altar of God.

How different the landscape! strange wonder it  
kindles,

The wigwam had changed to a city of spindles!

## XXXIII.

He tells them, now tearful, how thrice on his way  
Old Pluto had met him and led him astray;

And how on that journey he saw one McQuiston,

He thought 't was the devil; [they called him a  
Christian.]





## XXXV.

He speaks of the Merchants, who 'd known him  
of old

Far back in that city wherein we've been told  
He planted the vine. How they came to reclaim  
him, (<sup>d</sup>)

Down there at the prison's dark door to unchain  
him.

List! list at his story of Christian devotion,  
'Tis thus he relates it with tender emotion:

"When I was an hungered they gave me to eat,  
They brought me, when thirsty, a beverage sweet;  
When I was a stranger they took me within;  
When naked they garnished, and saved me from sin;  
When sick and in prison death's terrors to see,  
Down there in a dungeon they visited me,  
To chide the oppressor; 'established my goings,'

And filled the glad heart to unmeasured o'er-  
flowings. (24)

In the fullness of favor unsparingly spoken,  
In the joys of redemption, dread manacles broken,  
I hail from that dungeon of death and despair,  
The bright beam of morning, the mild mountain air.  
O Liberty ! liberty ! God-given boon,  
My dream of the night-time, my glory at noon,  
Above 'mid the stars, I will welcome thee ever ;  
Thy charms they enchant me, I will love thee forever."

## XXXVI.

He said it devoutly, and there to his friends  
Still further discourses to some other ends ;  
He tells *them* then, how at Wamesit he left  
Ten thousand there, sad at his presence bereft ;  
How reluctant he'd tendered his final farewell  
To the Merchants' that saved him, and labors to tell

How three times he turned towards the thick gathered ranks,

While he winged to the mountain, still giving them thanks,

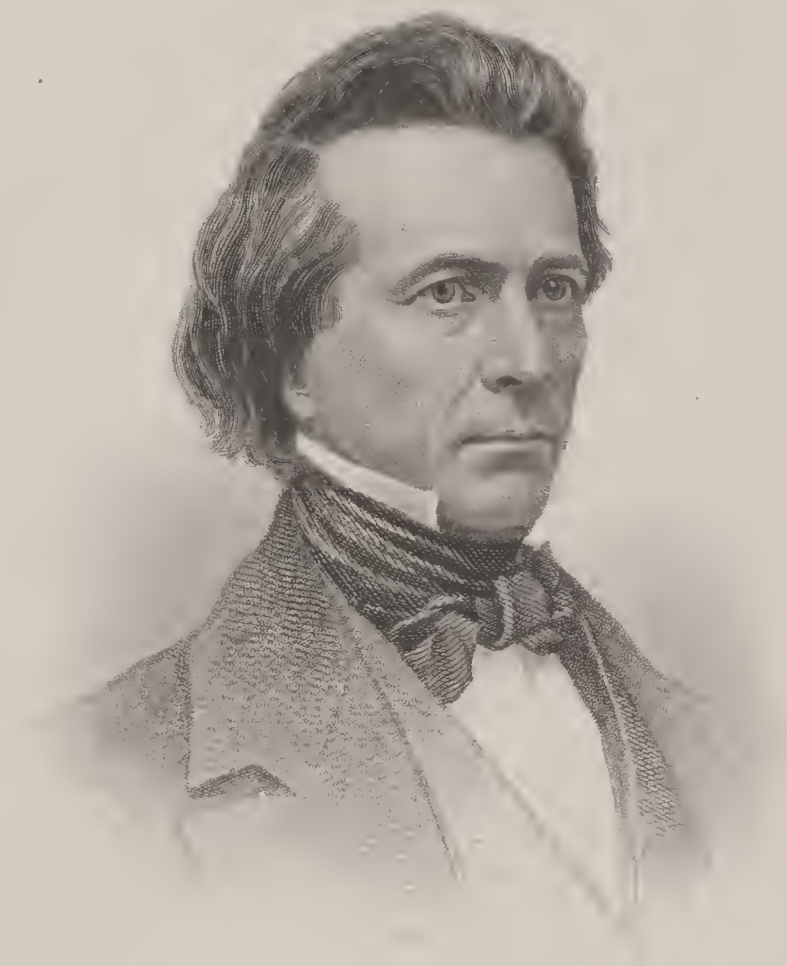
And how on that way every mile that he flew,—  
Was fraught with the grief of that final adieu.

## XXXVII.

Now night from the heavens in curtains descended,  
When the talk of our hero had finally ended;  
His last word hath echoed in a cloud floating nigh,  
And silence pervades the vast realms of the sky;  
Attended of spirits angelic, well blessed,  
The wood-nymphs retire to their bowers of rest.  
Cool zephyrs, *serene* to the heart are sweet soothing,  
While the voice of the Siren, o'er the mountain is  
moving,

Grown weary, the Eaglets, now, peacefully nod,  
And the *Sage* falls asleep in the care of his God.





*Robt. B. Caverly*





## ZAGONYI'S CHARGE.

OCTOBER 18, 1861. (25)

I.



istoric age

Affords a page  
Of daring deeds full many,  
But who, for dash  
Of cut and slash,  
Is braver than Zagonyi?

II.

Three hundred scamps  
Well-drilled in camps  
Near Springfield in Missouri,  
Defiant there,  
In arms they dare  
Resistance, 't is their glory.



## III.

Off, fifty miles  
Are sent in files  
The "Body Guard of Fremont,"  
To expel the foe,  
Or lay him low;  
A nation doth depend on 't.

## IV.

Out on their course  
With half the force  
Of foes to be encountered,  
On chosen ground  
Entrenched around,  
To conquer or be conquered;

## V.

In nineteen hours  
They met the showers  
Of whistling buck and bullet;  
When down a lane  
They sweep in train,  
And leap the fences from it,—

## VI.

Onward they dash  
With spur and lash  
Strait through the tented borders,—  
And into line  
In nick of time,  
Within the rebel quarters,—

## VII.

Frantic, they charge  
With quick discharge  
And onward still are dashing;  
From side to side  
From sabres wide,  
The lightning sparks are flashing.

## VIII.

The traitor squads  
As if the gods  
Were seeking their dissection,  
Rush to the town,  
There, scampering down,  
In quest of some protection.

## IX.

And there pursued  
In blood imbrued—  
The battle ground enlarges,  
Till none are found  
In all the round  
To brook the fatal charges.

## X.

What dire recoil  
On sacred soil,  
Which arrant knaves encumbered!  
The rebel dead  
Left in that bed,  
Their gallant foes out-numbered.

## XI.

The village throng  
Escaped had gone,  
In frightful panic scattered;  
On the hills, amazed,  
They stood and gazed—  
Abashed at traitor's slaughtered.

## XII.

All through that night  
Of awful fright  
Were frequent spectral hobblings ;  
And to this day,  
That crimson clay  
Gives heed to ghosts and goblins.

## XIII.

Yet, many a year  
To pilgrims here  
In freedom's full communion—  
Our earth shall teem  
That war-cry Theme—  
Brave "Fremont and the Union."



## THE LOVE-LETTER.

"HE 'LL READ IT WHEN HE WAKES."

I

**R**EBELLION! direful scourge of earth!  
In hatred hell had given it birth,  
To make of MAN a *Slave*,—

Called forth a force defensive, strong,  
Whose myriads mighty swelled the throng  
Of the noble and the brave.

II

The battle rattled long and loud,

Like thunders breaking from a cloud  
That showers o'er the plain  
Dark, deadly hail-storm;—Earth turned pale,—  
And, quaking, shuddered 'neath the gale  
That swept the world amain.

## III

But when the sun went down that night,  
A star let fall a ray of light  
Amid the dead heroic;  
It shone upon the face of him,  
Who, there beneath that battle din,  
Had thought for Maggie Moric.

## IV

For Maggie, when he saw her last,  
On him a lingering look had cast,  
And talked of time to come;  
When wicked war must needs be o'er,

They 'd meet as they had met before,  
When twain they would be one.

## V

His comrades, 'neath that twinkling ray,  
Out from that field of death away,  
Brave, bore him soft and slow;  
True sentinel to sueh a trust, —  
A soldier guards a soldier's dust, —  
Sueh truth he could but know.

## VI

That damp, dark night slow waned away,  
And when Sol reached meridian day,  
The funeral service came;  
'Twas by the call of muffled drum,  
And march of "brave ones," ready come  
To bury *Charlie Crane*.



## VII

There in that martial group amid,  
Beside a rough-board coffin lid,  
The chaplain knelt in prayer;  
He soared on high for hearts at home,  
And fervent prayed for some unknown  
Loved one lingering there.

## VIII

Ah! 't was a strange presentiment,  
That o'er the good man's spirit went,  
That led him thus to pray;—  
To cause that rudest funeral bier  
To be bedewed with many a tear  
Which naught but love could pay.

## IX

Up from that prayer,—near by him stood  
A post-boy meek, in modest mood,

Who in a whisper said, —  
"I have it here, but 'tis in vain,  
It is a letter for Charlie Crane;  
And Charlie now is dead."

## X

Silent, *aside*, they broke the seal;  
It was of love,—its last appeal  
From Maggie, far away;  
The chaplain glanced it sadly o'er,  
Then sealed it up, as 't was before, —  
'T was for the judgment day.

## XI

"That awful day," —no mortal knows;  
Yet pardon me, if I disclose  
What Maggie wrote to Charlie:  
"My Charles," (for thus the letter run,)  
"Of swains to me there is but one;  
I loved thee ne'er so dearly

## XII

“As now. I had a dream last night;—  
The light of morn seemed beaming bright  
Above the high-lands hither;  
Where, in the merry month of May,  
We hailed at first that gala day  
To gang in love together;

## XIII

“And where, as *then*, far down the lawn,  
The lily kissed the early dawn,  
Bright with the azure blending;  
While proud that distant mountain rill  
Again leaped forth, it *glittered still*,  
Along the vale descending.

## XIV

“To tell what *bloom*, what *flowerets* sweet,  
What magic music came to greet

Me there, I have not words ;  
The rose with all the flowers besides,  
Glad anthems true of all the tribes,  
And carol of the birds.

## XV

"The robin tuned his note on high,  
And jay and blue-bird seemed to vie  
In signal ecstasy ;  
Triumphant songs they sweetly sung,  
In chorus high, both old and young ;  
Sweet Charles, they sung of thee

## XVI

"In truthful love. Next, far away,  
A war-trump sounded—dread dismay,  
Some fearful ill foreboding,  
Came o'er me then ;—and in the vale,  
There lurking stood a specter pale,—  
My joy, my all exploding !

## XVII

" Yet high above the mountain range  
Appeared angelic voices strange,  
    And grateful, glorious morn ;—  
An army then in the distant light  
Loomed up,—and then the clouds of night  
    Drooped down on me forlorn.

## XVIII

" Still there adorned to be thy bride,  
My Charles, I saw thee by my side,  
    As if ye were not dead ;  
I raised both arms with dear delight  
To clasp thee, yet, as quick as sight—  
    Ye fled, a Phantom shade !

## XIX

" Awaking, bounding with a scream,  
Aloud I wept —'T was such a dream !—

It drowns me deep in sorrow ; —  
Away from war, my darling dear,  
The day of thy discharge is near,  
Come home, come home to - morrow !

## XX

"My heart shall leap with joy serene  
To hail thee here, at morn or e'en,  
In manner most becoming ;  
I'll make the gate - way wild with flowers ;  
I'll know the very midnight hours,  
Still waiting for thy coming.

## XXI

"Up to that promised bridal day,  
My soul, transported, wings away  
To thee, to thee alone ;  
For me and thee what joys to come !  
To meet, for aye, to be but one —  
Good night, my dear, come home !"



THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN  
THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN  
THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN





## XXII

Silent that group, with arms reversed,  
Stood firm. The chaplain turned, immersed

In thought; the letter takes, —

And on that breathless bosom *laid* it; —

"*Now bury him!*" (in faith he said it.)

"*He'll read it when he wakes.*"

## XXIII

And then, they laid him down at rest,

With Maggie's message on his breast,

(Repose more sweet it makes;)

And every turf that on him fell,

In true return it seemed to tell,

"He'll read it when he wakes."

## XXIV

Green were the sods they sought; — there, then.

True faith in God came o'er the men

In vision bright and fair ;  
And when they fired their farewell gun,  
Down from high heaven the echo run, —  
“ Oh, yes ! he'll read it there.”

## XXV

Rebellion dire ! what pangs, what anguish  
Shall touch the once loved heart to languish,  
Through far off coming years !  
What deep endearments brought to naught ;  
What hopeful joys, what darling thought,  
Are buried deep in tears !

## XXVI


How many hearts are dying yet !  
Bereaved, how can the soul forget  
Her choice companions fair ?  
How many letters grateful given—  
Too late for earth, are sealed for heaven !  
“ *Unsealed*,” they'll read them there.



## GREENWOOD.

[Delivered to an assembly of 7 churches, on the heights, at Greenwood Grove, Wakefield, Mass., July 14, 1868.]

1

N Greenwood's cool and lofty brow,  
    Dame Nature dwells in loveliness ;  
Her dear delights enchant me now,  
    O, what a world of wonders this !

2

What mighty power rolled up these hills,  
    And scooped the verdant valleys down ;  
That gave due course to a thousand rills,  
    That clothed in beauty vill and town ;

That piled on high yon ocean wave  
To dash it headlong to the shore;  
And grand, to Earth's creation gave  
Sweet life, and hope, and golden store!

4

Down on the distant past, in vain  
We look that hazy landscape o'er,  
To trace a foot-print, on the plain,  
Of saint and sage who've gone before.

5

Unchanged, the heavens are blue as then,  
The sun as bright in beauty shines;  
But where are now the sons of men,  
That basked of yore beneath these pines?

6

Alas! and where's the favorite lad

That swung beneath yon branchy bowers? <sup>27</sup>  
The day-dawn hailed him—now, made sad,  
The vales are deep in fading flowers.

## 7

Up there upon that self-same tree  
To the red-breast plaintive, all day long,  
List! list that note so fond and free,  
That song for loved ones, absent, gone.

## 8

Is it to me, sweet vocal bird,  
Kind heaven sends a message down?  
A lay of love, a kindly word?—  
That song indeed is not thine own;

## 9

Not thine my inmost heart to move  
To memory fond or mental pain;

Not thine to sing of life, or love,  
Or joys we'll never see again.

## 10

Ah! whence such power to move a tear  
To fall forbidden where I stand?  
From what we see and feel and hear,  
There is another, better land;—

## 11

I see it in the cloud above,  
The sun, and moon, and glittering star;  
In the vast, unnumbered worlds of love,  
That move in grandeur near and far.

## 12

I feel it in a heart that beats  
A god-like purpose day by day;  
A soul that, while I sleep, repeats  
A dream of glory far away;—

13

I hear it whispered in the air,—

From the worm that takes the vernal wing,—

In the quaking earth, I hear it there,—

That death shall resurrection bring;—

14

I trace it in the vesper mild,

The voice of songsters in the vale,

That God who sweeps the forest wild,

His rolling thunders tell the tale.

15

Afar, bright breaks a morning ray

To tint creation's glorious noon;

Hail! hail that vast triumphant day,

Beyond the terrors of the tomb.

16

For aye as now, let Greenwood lend

Sweet inspiration, light, and love!  
In beauty, earth and sky to blend  
Forever, true to the God above.








## LITTLE NED.

[An incident at the grave.]

1

N the highlands of Hartland, unheeded,  
alone,

There lived yet in sorrow a widow and  
child ;

Her son, true and valiant, had wandered from home,  
For his country had called him to the "*wilderness*"  
wild.

2

As well as the matron, he'd loved little Ned,

Who had seen but five winters of the world and  
its throng ;

But that son is at rest, his brave spirit hath fled,  
And home from the field they have borne him along.

## 3

And now from the valley, the parish and vill,  
The peasants have gathered, are gloomy in care;  
A prayer hath ascended, and down from the hill,  
They stand by the grave, waiting tenderly there.

## 4

There lowly the dead lies lowered to rest,  
Where the sere leaves of Autumn embellish the  
ground;  
Where the wild-bird shall warble a song of the  
blest,  
Where Spring shall weave garlands, and love will  
abound.

## 5

Devoutly impressive, the service is said,

While naught could that mother from weeping  
restrain ;

Still drowned in deep wonder there stood little Ned,  
Yet heedless, retentless of sorrow or pain.

## 6

He eyed the old sexton, when gently he laid  
The dust to its kindred, half-held at control ;  
Then a clod on the coffin fell down from the spade,  
And it startled the boy to the depths of the soul.

## 7

"Old man, you must stop it, I'll kill you, (he cried,)   
If you bury my brother in such a deep hole."  
His fist high-uplifted, with looks that defied —  
Then wailing, he *fell*, and convulsively sighed.

## 8

Grief, grief like a night-cloud o'ershadowed the  
ground,

Bemoaning and sighing were heard in the air,  
The men and the maidens were kneeling around,  
And tears fell like rain-drops—but not in despair.

## 9

For the great God in heaven is Father of all,—  
Bereaves but to cherish, assauges the pain;—  
The valiant may perish, like the sparrow may fall,  
Yet brother with brother shall meet once again.

## 10

There gazing I stood, and thought of the end,—  
Of strange unbelievers,—of what they pretend;  
The proof is within us,—deny if you can,—  
There is in that infant the soul of a man!

## 11

The sexton was dumb, his spade stood at rest;  
The priest, glancing upward, broke silence to say

A word of condolence, then kindly addressed  
A brief benediction, and the train turned away.

## 12

The shades are beclouding the sun-set afar,  
As the dark-clad procession moves slow up the  
hill ;

The breath of bleak autumn and the whirlwind of war,  
Full felt in their garments, are frosty and chill.

## 13

There is heart-stricken sorrow in Hartland to night,  
But the morning will come with sweet promises  
fair ;

The earth-clods have covered the hero from sight,  
Yet there's hope still in God, there is truth in  
his care.



## HARK! 'T IS A VOICE!

### I

**H**ARK! 't is a voice, the voice of spring,  
That brings glad tidings on the wing  
Of songsters far and nigh!

It wakes to life the highland grove,<sup>28</sup>  
Entrancing me with tranquil love,  
And glory from on high!

### II

That voice, serenely soft and clear,—  
Proclaiming sunny seasons near  
And winter now no more,—  
Bespeaks another, better clime,

Of flowery fields, of days divine,  
And treasures there in store.

## III

Why came ye thus, brave little bird?  
What promised joy, what winning word  
Of love or curious cunning,  
Hath called thee forth, both mate and throng,  
Triumphant with angelic song,  
In vast convention coming;

## IV

As if for aye to faith inclined,  
Forever proud of partner kind,  
Judicious in selection;—  
As if to teach the lesson, how  
Ye never violate a vow  
In conjugal affection?

## V

Near now again, from lea or lawn,

Ye break my slumbers at the dawn  
In kindly visitation ;  
I know ye have a home to seek,  
Some favored native nook unique,  
Some scheme in contemplation.

## VI

Still, have ye not a nobler end,  
To trace a comrade or a friend,  
Or foot - print hidden hither?—  
Where slumbers still some kindred tribe,  
Before the flood that lived and died,  
That calls ye here together ;—

## VII

Some queen or king, in sacred song,  
That sang these "banks and braes" along,  
In sight of old Tisquantum ; <sup>29</sup>  
Or hither at a later day,



That chanted loveliest life away,  
With warblings wild and wanton ;—

## VIII

Where, then, at morn or eventide,—  
With Pilgrim life in all its pride  
Of holiness from childhood,—  
Alike in love and admiration,  
They worshiped God with adoration  
Here, in their native wild-wood.

## IX

Ah ! what enchantments thus ye bring  
Of memories dear, to which I cling,  
Down from the far-gone year !—  
Of sweet remembrances, my own,  
Of darling aspirations flown ;  
And yet ye bring them near.

## X

Sweet little "tenant of the sky,"

In thee our duty we descry,—

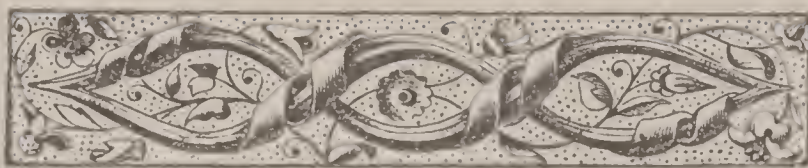
And how, in life's expansion,

Out from this world's wild winter day,

Made free, like thee, we'll wing away

On high to seek a mansion.





## THE WOOD-THRUSH.

[REPROOF AND THE REPLY.]

Scene at the door, June 9, 1864.



MATRON Wood-Thrush built a nest,

And then sat down to take her rest;

While sitting there upon her eggs,

A snare was drawn around her legs!

Ye heartless dogs that did the deed,

Shall rue it for your cruel greed,

To cheat and rob the feathered tribe

Of eggs, and all they have beside!

To them, as favorites from above,

To rove the air, to live and love,

To cheer all nature with a song,

Both life and liberty belong.

This bird by no means injured you ;

With her or hers you'd naught to do ;

Cursed be the heart, the hand, the twine,

That steals away that right divine !

Such right most dear, your mother knows ;

When to *her* ear this story goes, —

She'll make ye dance upon ye'r pegs

With the "ile of birch" about the legs.

In caution kind, a lesson take ;—

Oh, never prove yourself a rake !

But live to learn, and try to make

The world more happy for your sake.

(*Little Hermon.*) We never touched your birds.

We did n't—we did n't do it.

(*Hennie.*) We never did it.

(*Leslie.*) No siree; we didn't do it; we were not there.

(*Little Amy.*) Oh, no, sir! It wasn't Hermon, nor Hennie, nor Leslie. They never hurt the dear little birds. I guess it was Sam Slendergrass. They say he used to be up to such tricks; and *I* think it is just like him.

Brave little boys! 'tis joy to learn,

Such crime and cruelty you spurn;

'Twas not by you that deed was done;

I ask your pardon—every one.

(*Little H.* with dignity, and crowding both hands into his pockets.) Well—we'll pardon ye.


\* To the praise of the boys, except as above, the birds here have remained undisturbed. The Oriole now inhabits a nest near our window; and the little sparrow returns in spring, and fearless as ever, feeds upon the crumbs that fall from the hands of its little friend at the door.



## LITTLE MARY TO THE BIRD !

Nov. 10, 1866.

1

OME again, my little sparrow ;  
Autumn whistles drear at last ;  
You'll be absent on the morrow,  
Absent then to shun the blast.

2

Who will care for thee to-morrow,  
Downward lonely to the sea,—  
In the haze of heart-felt sorrow,—  
'Mid the dangers on the lea?

## 3

When thy wings are wandering weary,  
What kind hand will point the way  
Over highlands, bleak and dreary;  
Who will feed thee, far away?

## 4

Years returning, thou hast sought me,  
Glad in summer's cool retreat;  
Best of all the birds, I've loved thee,  
Friendly, fondly at my feet.

## 5

Here I've listened oft, delighted  
With thy languid, tender lay;  
E'er to me so strongly plighted,  
Dear and dearer every day.

## 6

First, upon the tree-top shady,

Perched, I saw thee, truly blest;  
Cozily beside thy lady,  
Happy in a little nest.

## 7

But the fowler, or some weasel,  
Wicked, did that union sever;  
Lone, it left thee on the hazel,  
Sad, forgetting sorrow never.

## 8

Now the icy, bleak November  
Comes to drive thee far from me;  
Long will I thy love remember,  
Far my blessings follow thee.

## 9

Mother says there's One above us,—  
One that kindly cares for all;—





THE GARDEN  
AND THE GARDEN  
AND THE GARDEN  
AND THE GARDEN



From a world unseen, that loves us,—

Will He, heedless, let thee fall?

10

Thus discoursed my little Mary

With her pet, that cloudy day;

While the winds were howling dreary,

When the wee-bird went away.

11

Heaven protect and spare that sparrow,

With paternal tender care,

From the cruel sportsman's arrow,

From the hawk and hidden snare!

12

Ne'er may dire disease annoy him,

Nor miasma's poisoned breath;

Let no viper vile decoy him

To the yawning jaws of death;—

1

Save him hence from mental sorrow,  
Mad misgivings, dread despair;  
From forebodings of the morrow,  
While he wanders through the air;—

14

While he flits above the billow,  
Driven by storm beyond the glen;  
Sad at midnight on the willow,  
Spare that little sparrow then!

15

Let some darling daughter bid him  
Welcome to a shady shore,—  
Give him crumbs,—thus Mamie fed him  
Down beside the kitchen door;—

16

Absent only while the daisies

Drooping lifeless, still remain;  
From that land of many mazes,  
Let him live to come again.

17

Older grown, yet we'll be younger,  
When old winter wanes away, —  
When his icebergs fall asunder,  
Giving place to a golden day.

18

Bring us back our days of childhood,  
Happy hence as then to be;  
Yet the warbler, in the wild-wood,  
Is, they say, more blest than we.

19

Bear us upward, Great Jehovah,  
On the pinions of thy wing!—  
Then shall winter days be over;—  
Give us there an endless Spring!





## NEVER HUNCH !

1

**T**WO little boys I call to mind,  
The one was selfish Harry,—  
The other generous Johnnie Lynde ;  
At school they had been tutored kind,  
But Harry would be Harry.

2

One day reproof broke forth aloud,  
The teacher's brow was stormy ;—  
A word from Johnnie calmed the cloud,—  
"I never *hunch*—if Harry crowd !  
Have mercy, mercy for me !"

## 3

Ye men, that toil 'neath sun and cloud  
For favor, fame or money ;—  
If of the past ye would be proud,  
Ye'll *never* hunch if Harry crowd,  
But wisdom learn of Johnnie.

## 4

Of saint or sage to truth inclined,  
That tread the pathway thorny,  
What hero brave of nobler mind,  
What better Christian can ye find  
Than darling little Johnnie?





## NULLIFICATION.

S. C. Act, Nov. 27, 1832.

“Do you plunge into Niagara with the expectation of stopping  
half-way down.”—*Webster.*

A WORD TO JEFF. Feb. 28, 1865.

### I

**Y**ES, Jeff, you tried in thirty-two  
To navigate that mighty deep;  
But Jackson bluffed the frail canoe,  
And turned aside your craven crew,  
Going down.



## II

Prophetic! — yet how true the thought!

That, launched on treason's crimson flood,  
Which mad ambition sordid sought,  
Your craft and crew would both be brought  
To the bottom down.

## III

In spite of patriots, great and good,  
Secession strange, relentless comes ;\*  
Their warning words misunderstood,  
Again embarked, you're on the flood  
Going down.

## IV

Out from the slave - code's flagrant rules,  
Which breed the tyrant foul in crime ;  
From treason tutored in your schools,  
In mass sprang forth confederate fools,  
Going down.

\* The Ord. of Secession was passed in South Carolina Dec. 20, 1860.

## v

But when you neared the cragged rock,  
Above the dark abyss below ;  
You sought in vain to shun the shock,  
And tried, through foreign aid, to stop  
Half way down ;

## vi

You cried for help, yet quite in vain,  
From sympathizing traitors here ;  
And at Chicago <sup>30</sup> tried again  
To hug the shore and shun the pain  
Going down.

## vii

Your Hunters, too, <sup>31</sup> came to implore  
Our "Father Abram" for relief ; —  
To lend his platform, plank or oar,  
Or tug your cursed bark ashore,  
Half way down.

## VIII

But Abram heeded not the talk,  
Nor could he make that crime his own;  
The God of Nature floods the rock,  
Against His laws you ne'er can stop  
Half way down.

## IX

Beware! 'Tis death you now discern  
Still further on the fearful way;  
Doomed there to dash the breaker stern,  
Where now the rolling billows turn  
Going down.

## X

What if old England press the shore,  
Or France embark to intervene  
With friendly aid?—they've tried before,—  
Still louder will that torrent roar,  
Going down.

## XI

Yes, Jeff, too late ! by sad reverse


You learn indeed how vain the thought  
To stop Niagara's mighty force,  
Or stay God's judgments in their course, —  
Half way down.





## AN ALLEGORY.

WASHINGTON, OCT. 4, 1863.

 SQUIRREL, gray at infant age,  
On earth began a pilgrimage ;  
Inspired without pre-admonition,  
Unlettered in the world's condition,  
Untaught of Satan, sin or strife, —  
A stranger, on the verge of life, —  
Without a forethought coming here,  
Or agency in such career.  
Yet he had vigor well defined,  
An ardent, patriotic mind ; —  
Had thought and taste for worldly weal,

In grief or joy a heart to feel.

His lot had fell in northern climes,—

'Mid brave old oaks and peaceful pines,

'Mid gentle zephyrs blowing pure,

Where nature kind gave promise sure

Of sweet content. To him the light

Of sun and moon and stars of night

Looked glorious; and earth and skies

Seemed but his own—a paradise.

Of house and home he had no lack,—

Had acorns plenty,—nuts to crack,—

Had nectar sweet in the morning dew,

And aught of care he never knew.

With what he saw of beast or bird,

He had no conflict, not a word;

Nor did a snare beset his track,

Nor cruel man, nor howling pack.

In sight of beauty, bounty, wealth,  
His breast beat high in hope and health;  
He roamed the woods and knew no end,  
On every tree-top found a friend;  
To live he loved, and felt as free  
As Squirrel ought of right to be.

Replete in boundless comforts here,  
He journeyed on from year to year;  
Till, in temptations evil time,  
Allured, he left his native pine  
Through vain desire. High on the rocks,  
There laid in wait an open box.  
He ventured in;—thought no mishap,—  
Alas! alas! a hunter's trap  
Had caught him fast!

'T was prudence, then,

To court contentment in a pen —  
No use to gnaw — or make a muss !  
Most wisely squirrel reasoned thus, —  
Became a pet, and, sold anon,  
Was borne away to Washington,  
Where many a philanthropic sage  
Beheld him cornered in a cage,  
Admired his feats, deplored his fate,  
But did not help him from the grate.

Still round and round he turned the wheel,  
And through long years began to feel  
The pangs that flow from life misspent, —  
A broken heart and discontent.

At length, one day from the southern sky,  
A storm arose ; the gales blew high,  
And burst the door of the wiry grate,



That hung beside the garden gate.  
Then from the cage, through shrub and tree,  
O'er hedge and fences, frantic free,  
He bounded forth; yet sought in vain  
To find his native air again.

Next day from church, while passing down  
Beside the highway of the town,  
I saw a tree, — and noted how  
A squirrel trembled on the bough;  
How men and boys, in motley crowd,  
With barking dog, and threatenings loud,  
Hurled brick-bats dire, through branch and bud  
To thrust him out and shed his blood.  
While one a leader seemed to be,  
With club, full half-way up the tree,  
To strike him down; and all for naught;  
'T was thus the fugitive they sought.

I turned and said, — [they stopped to hear,]

“Young men, you know not what you do!

Why seek that squirrel's life, as dear

To him to-day, as yours to you?

He is no trespasser in fault

On anything of yours to feast;

No culprit vile to make assault

On life or limb of man or beast;

But fain in fairness would endeavor

Sweet life and freedom here to save.

These gifts of nature, dear forever,

It is but just for him to crave.

He holds a heart in love as true,

That beats as high in hope or fear;

Can feel a pang as well as you,

Or in affliction drop a tear.

His eye can scan what you intend,

A foe in every movement see ;  
Yet would he greet you as a friend,  
Were man but just and kind as he."

"That's so," said Jo ; "I plainly see !"  
And down he lumbered from the tree ;  
The dog, he saw himself to blame,  
And dropped his shaggy tail in shame ;  
The guilty throng, having naught to say,  
Clung to their clubs, but went away.

Down on the trunk, now feeling free,  
The squirrel chippered, greeting me  
With grateful noddings ; as it were,  
He kindly said, — "I thank you, sir !"  
From thence a park became his home,  
To wander on through life alone ;  
Yet oft whene'er I go that way,

It moves me much to hear him say, —  
Still nodding down from the branchy fir, —  
“I thank you, sir! — *I thank you, sir!*”





## OF WASHINGTON CITY.

A letter to a little Miss, May 17, 1862.

DOMESTIC AND DESCRIPTIVE.



HAVING written to Caddie, I must not forget

A message to Mary, my proud little pet,

Still waddling and wandering from parlor to  
kitchen,

Then out round about, pursuing a chicken,

Or down in the garden for some little notion,

Or up in the arbor, forever in motion,—

To gaze at the shadows now moved by the breeze,

And chanting with birds as they sing in the trees,—

Oft peeping at beauties that Nature discloses,  
And bringing to mother some sweet-smelling posies.

Just now, little lady, I wish you were here  
To see many strange things, surprisingly queer,  
Some grand and majestic, some novel and pretty,  
All in and about the wide Washington city.

Here sits the proud soldier, the first that you meet,  
On horseback, full armed, at the turn of the street;  
Now near him, behold, oft repeating a song,  
A "grinder," for pay, pulls a monkey along.

Then up the broad Avenue, at every street crossing,  
Some poor little orphan a broomstick is tossing;  
With one hand extended, from Johnnie or Jennie,  
You'll hear the sad call,—*Please*, give me a penny.  
We reach the rotunda, the pride of the nation,  
It opens a view to the works of creation;

From its lofty corridors are wonders, you know,  
The Washington monument westward below ;  
Artful in beauty, vast buildings abound,  
Of granite and marble majestic around.

Still, far in the distance, as fancy delights,  
Are Georgetown, Fort Ellsworth, and Arlington  
Heights ;

A mansion sequestered, the homestead of Lee,  
Who, at the cost of a fortune, a rebel could be.

Down there is "old Dixie," in treason and wrong,  
With a Wise and a Letcher to help her along.  
Wide above the Potomac, on the highlands afar,  
Are the white - tented armies and breastworks of war.

We wake to their music ; — far distant it trills, —  
From war-trump, and bugle, it breaks from the hills

In strains strange and varied, above dread alarms,  
It brings to our bosoms the breath of its charms.

Still here are the bodies of Congress in session,  
For the law of the land, to give it expression ;  
In duty to rancorous rebels, to rub 'em,  
And down on the "traitors " in hatred to snub 'em. <sup>32</sup>

Next note the "Old Castle," alive as it stands,  
'Tis the home of a tribe of the late contrabands ;  
They have fled from the foe, from the land of op-  
pression,

Their chains are all broken, 'tis the fruit of secession ;  
'Tis the key - note of peace, the bright dawn of  
salvation —

'Tis the great God of heaven who ruleth the nation !

Now down from the dome we wend our way back ;  
There's many a strange straggler invading the track,



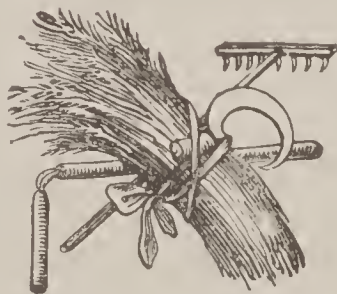
Great groups of "street loafers" in loud conversation,  
The odds and the ends of a live Yankee nation.

Here swaggers the sailor, of late come to land,  
Here, too, is old Sambo with whip in his hand;  
Here's Dinah with fruit and with cakes made to sell,  
But for what other purpose no mortal could tell.

Here's a rude, noisy newsboy, in haste rushing in;  
To sell you the "*Storr*" and the "*Re-pub-li-kin*;"  
If he talks of a battle or a vote at election,  
How can ye believe him, so full of deception?

Do not wonder, in rambling, if you chance to behold  
A faithful "old servant," that used to be sold;  
A tall, limping negress, with all of her charms,  
In the care of her baby, borne along in her arms;  
Some queer little donkey, or grave looking mule,  
On his journey down South, as they say, to keep school.

But evening approaches, no more can be seen,  
By reason of night-shades that now intervene;  
Good-bye, little Mary, with blessings adieu!  
Farewell, to the household, as well as to you.





## BULL RUN.

July 19, 1861.

HISTORICAL.



constant cry of do or die,

[On, on to Richmond was the shout,]

Evinced the spirit of metal and merit

To stamp the rebellion out.

The mass, all right, were full of fight

Abram the people heeded;

But, sad for us, to quell the muss,

A marshal chief was needed.

With soldiers drilled, and squadrons filled,  
A move at length was ordered;  
With Scott at the head, McDowell led  
The loyal army onward.

Up at Bull Run, the battle begun,  
'T was ours for every reason;  
But Johnston came and "blocked the game," —  
They called it "Patter's treason."<sup>33</sup>

Fresh troops combined against the line,  
And turned the tide of battle;  
Both horse and foot reeled round about,  
In broken ranks "skeeaddlle."

Our strong reserve had little nerve  
To stay the massive numbers;  
It lacked the spunk (for Miles was drunk,)  
To do such magic wonders.

Too much the foe had suffered now,  
To follow up his chances,  
Never a force was frightened worse,  
Save panic stricken Yankees.

And yet they fly; and in the sky  
Are rumblings, roar and rattle;  
Far down the way, wide scattered, lay  
Mixed implements of battle.

The Congressman, ah! how he ran!  
And the *London Times*<sup>34</sup> benighted;  
'T would make you laugh, to see such chaff  
So fearfully excited.

O'er dell and ridge, and through Long Bridge,  
They urge their way in masses;  
Both black and white, in equal fright,  
Among the mules and asses.

At Washington, they all had come,  
Exposed to every slander;  
And little Mack was ordered back,  
To be their next commander.

He drilled the troop, and cheered high hope,  
In manners most inviting;  
Favored of fame, he tried to train,—  
*Brave* in all—but fighting.



When the smoke disappeared from the battle-ground,  
An officer over that field rode round;  
And finding a "*run-away*" hid in a hole,  
Addressed him, and tried his return to control,—  
But heard no answer,—

“March back,” said the Chief, “to your rightful  
ranks !

And away with all of your cowardly pranks !”

The soldier returned neither bullet nor blows,  
But sneeringly touched his thumb to his nose,—  
Exclaiming,—(as if to a clown or an elf,)

“No, you do n’t,

Old fellow, you want this hole yourself !”





## DUPONT AT PORT ROYAL.

Nov. 7, 1861.



NAVAL fleet comes next, to greet  
The ear of patriots loyal ;  
Old Dupont leads to daring deeds  
In battle, at Port Royal.

It had to brave the winds and wave,  
In most terrific action ;  
And many a sail by storm and gale,  
Were driven to distraction.



Clear out of sight, when fearful night  
Had left the lofty ocean,  
All of that host were deemed as lost,  
Save one old ship, in motion.

Yet all but one, still upward borne,  
The angry tempest weathered;  
And each, in time, wheeled into line,  
In battle order gathered.

Now, on the way, they reach the bay,  
All in a circle forming,  
While many a sail, with iron hail,  
The troubled town are storming.

What murderous dash, the fire and flash  
Of war-ships, belching thunder  
On fiery forts, whose rough reports  
Explode their guns asunder!

From boast and brag, they strike their flag,  
Which Yankees are assailing;  
In fearful doubt, they skulk about, —  
The federal force prevailing.

So goes the field, the weak must yield  
To stronger pulse and power;  
By a giant blow, as rebels know,  
They are weakened every hour.





# THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD INSPIRES HOPE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1862.

**T**IS Sabbath morn, and man is quiet,  
The sun emits congenial rays;  
All things on earth are moving by it,  
Rejoicing in a thousand ways.

I hail, with joy, that king of light,  
The Author of this vernal morn;  
Whose genial rays "exclude the night,"  
And foster life in every form.

Fit emblem of a Sovereign Power,

Who holds the spheres high at command ;

Whose unexhausted blessings shower,

From day to day, o'er all the land.

Great Parent ! grant us brighter beams

Of light, refulgent from Thy Throne !

And let a nation's fettered dreams

Awake to freedom, yet unknown !

Dispel that crimson, lowering cloud,

Now pendant o'er the world around ;

Forgive the sin that cried aloud,

Like Abel's blood, up from the ground.

Thy justice frowns, the nations weep ;

Thy power shall break the tyrant's chain ;

O teach us faith, contrition deep,

And bring us back to Thee again !

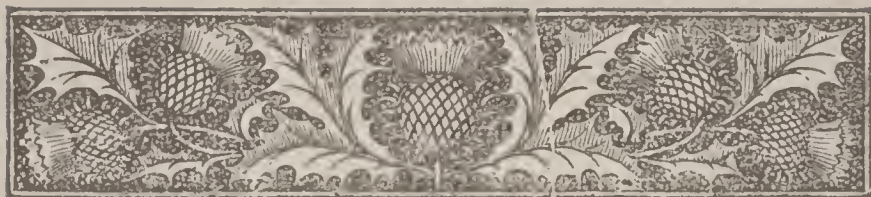
In Thine own time, great King of grace!

We'll hail Thy coming from above;

Descending through the clouds apace,

In healing beams of Peace and Love.





# THE MONITOR.

March 9, 1862.

[The first appearance of a Monitor at sea, was eventful in the history of naval battles. The war-ship Merrimack had appeared at Hampton Roads, had sunk the Cumberland, had overcome the war-ship Congress, and had stranded the Minnesota when night came on. Early, next morning, the Monitor came to the conflict, assailed and crippled the Merrimack, and, thereby, the Federal craft were saved from impending destruction.]



NEAR Fort Monroe, a startling blow

Was struck with much disaster

To the naval fleet;—it was a feat

Of trial to be master.

Old Merrimack, just from the dock,

Came clad in iron armor ; —  
The Cumberland, though strongly armed,  
And Congress, could not harm her ;  
And the Minnesota belched her quota  
Of ponderous shot to smash her,  
But quite in vain, such end to gain,  
No naval force could thrash her.  
Her bolted side did but deride  
The cannon's belching thunder,  
As if all craft of Yankee draft,  
Were but a stupid blunder.  
Not far away, coming down the bay,  
Our Monitor advances ; —  
Say, — what is that ? — " 't is a *chaze*," cries Pat,  
As at the craft he glances.  
Mysterious bark ! 't was not an ark,  
Nor ship of huge dimension ;

But, in their view, a mere canoe,

Of "yankeedom" invention.

At once they pour a thunder shower

Of shot and shell upon it;

But all in vain, that fearful aim

Makes no impression on it.

It, nearing, brings some weighty things, —

A dose for a rebel dinner, —

And dealt in squibs, that broke the ribs

Of the iron-plated sinner.

Such heavy hail soon made her quail.

And swim for other quarters;

'T was of no use for such a goose

To try to rule *these* waters.

Night bears away the news of that day

To the crippled confederation;

Down, over that vale, it tells a tale



Of death and consternation.

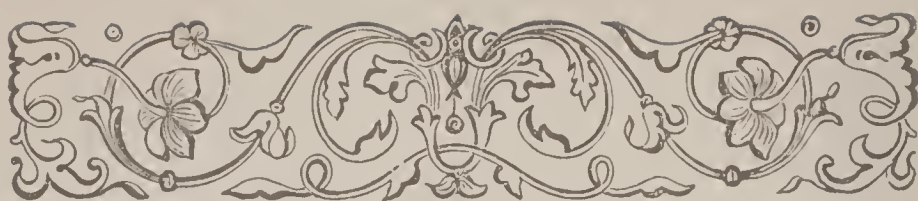
While North it bore, the rattle and roar

Of the trumpet rehearsed the story,

And high o'er the world, the old Flag unfurled,

Fair freedom, God, and glory!





## THE DREAM.

Washington, May 12, 1862.

TO LITTLE C.

1

**I**'VE thought of thee when far away, —  
Have dreamed of home;—and light and  
gay,

Thy little feet, as e'er before,  
Seem patting all about the floor.

2

And here, as there, when cares invade,  
And seize upon this heart and head, —

O who could now my spirit win,  
But little "Caddie" coming in?

## 3

If pain or panic filled the frame,  
Or fever burning on the brain,  
What then could calm the soul within?  
'T was little Caddie coming in.

## 4

When noisy war or fearful fight  
Brings darkness sad in a dream at night,  
What sight or sign doth then beguile?  
'T is that bewitching little smile.

## 5

Or, when 'mid buried joys I roam,  
In direst thought, bereaved, alone,  
What can assuage my sorrow keen?  
O list! that little voice, serene.

6

In vision bright; it brings good cheer  
From home and hearts forever dear,  
And teaches wisdom, kindness, love,  
As by an angel from above.

7

Sweet vision!—lost in early day!  
Life, like a dream, doth wane away;  
I wake to scan the journey o'er,  
Earth's genial joys to join no more,—

8

Yet, far away, in a spirit sphere,  
Still glancing backward, homeward here,  
O, then, unseen, I'll thee beguile,  
And greet my "Caddie" with a smile.



# ARLINGTON.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Washington, D. C., having been the great central point between two mighty, contending powers of the four years' rebellion, has, within it, and around it, many tragic as well as historical points of interest. But the brief Epic which succeeds this note has special reference to but one of them; and that one becomes significant, mostly as one of its many results.

It is now the 4th of March, 1869. The conflicts of past years are beginning to be ignored, and the great American General is inaugurated to the Presidency. Late in the afternoon, we take the railway for Georgetown, and thence proceed on foot to visit "Arlington Heights." On the high bridge above the Potomac, we make a moment's pause; the waves are rolling beautifully beneath me; the sky above is serene, and the sun is beginning to fall below the hills. On my left, to the east of the river, at the distance of two miles,

Washington City, now made alive by a hundred thousand strangers, with its stately edifices, lofty Capitol, and Goddess of Liberty, looms up. On my right, to the westward of this "Modern Jordan," about the same distance from it, standing in plain sight, are "Arlington Heights," crowned by the antique mansion of the late rebel General Lee, surrounded by spacious groves of Oak, and literally made white by the sepulchral urns, or insignia of upwards of 20,000 soldiers, brought from the neighboring battle fields of the rebellion. As we pass from the bridge at Georgetown up to and over that city of the dead, objects of intense interest present themselves, and leave an impression not easy to describe, nor soon to be forgotten.

#### DEDICATION.

To the SURVIVING ARMIES of the Republic, this "*Walk within the Shades*," is respectfully inscribed — by the Author.



## ARLINGTON.

A WALK WITHIN ITS SHADES.

POTOMAC rolls her fountains down,  
Deep gliding 'neath the shades that crown  
My theme of contemplation;

While night begins to chase away  
The living throngs and proud display  
Of the great inauguration.

High now above her waters mild,  
I stand, and list the lingerings wild  
Of a Nation in commotion;

Yet heedful how the hand of God  
Moves all the kingdoms, as a flood,  
To a deep, unbounded ocean.

Here I survey the hight of lands,  
Where, thronged with towers, bright beaming stands  
The stately dome of Washington;  
While westward, on the other side,  
Beyond a tearful Jordan tide,  
Stand high the shades of Arlington.

To Arlington my foot-steps tend;  
Now, turning hence, I meet a friend,—  
Inquire the distance to it;  
He answers, lifting high his staff,  
"To Arlington?—a mile and a half,—  
Near night, ye can not do it.

"The road is down the river shore,  
Then, further on a mile or more,



Ye'll take the gateway on it ;  
Then far above, 'mid light and shade,  
Ye'll find the fields of valiant dead,  
Eternal there upon it.

"Go back," he said, "and take the day ;"  
Untimely specters haunt the way,  
When night lets fall her curtain ;  
There, where rebellion rose at first,  
Where slavery, doomed of God, was cursed,  
They strangely stroll, uncertain.

"'T is said, they hold sepulchral care,  
Seraphic in attendance there,  
Above the stars high standing ;  
Then, silent in the murky night  
Descending, oft emitting light,  
Their golden wings expanding."

"Why care," said I, "for ghost or elf?

How soon ye'll turn to one yourself,

More worthy of your minding."

The sun beyond the hills had gone;

The stranger turned, and I trudged on,

Along the right bank winding.

Then, on the right hand, I behold

A hill that glitters white, like gold,

The day-dawn dwells upon it;

Up thither, winding, bent with care,

Instinctively, my brow is bare

To the sainted soldiers on it.

Here, side by side, kind, nobly laid,

The rebel and the loyal dead

Rest equally together;<sup>35</sup>

No vain distinction gilds the gloom,

Nor pomp, nor pride invades the tomb  
That holds the hero hither.

Half halting, 'mid the sainted throng,  
In the pebbled path I pass along

At the foot of the soldier sleeping;  
Life's noblest history, brief and brave,  
I trace it, lettered on the grave  
In careful, kindest keeping.

Grand, grateful record! true to tell,  
Both where he fought and where he fell  
In battle for the nation;

As well the daring he had done,  
As well where once he had a home,  
His name, his rank and station.

And this is all. Vain wealth may try  
To rear her monuments on high,

In gorgeous grandeur clever ;  
But where the balmy woodlands sigh,  
And the dead are equal far and nigh,  
Rest—rest is sweeter, never !

We pass them by, six thousand here,  
Still further on to persevere,  
To the gateway thither going ;<sup>36</sup>  
Then up a winding way to wend,  
'Mid aged oaks, whose branches bend  
To the breeze of heaven blowing.

Spacious, majestic, leafless now,  
" Dame Nature," true, had taught them how  
To stand a wintry trial ;  
Yet, faithful, still to tell us how  
Each honored leaf, each brave old bough  
Is fraught with self-denial.

Cool now the zephyrs, pure and light,  
Begin to play the dirge of night  
In strange, enchanting chorus;  
And every step that leads us on  
Awakes to thought,—"companions gone,"  
They glide in groups before us.

While oft that distant day-dawn hill,  
Back through the tree-tops gleaming still,  
Looms up in prospect thither;  
There, earth and sky in sorrow meet,  
Yet do they hold communion sweet  
In tranquil love together.

Up, now we've reached a giant oak;  
My guide beginning, briefly spoke,  
An incident expounded;—<sup>37</sup>  
How Scott came up to talk to Lee,

How neighed his steeds beneath this tree,

As if a war-trump sounded,

They listened wild ! How long he staid

By reason, prayerful, to dissuade

From purpose vain, infernal,

That rebel chief ; and how, anon,

He left him, deep in thought, alone,

With a sad good-night, eternal.

Then coy, adown the woods away,

Lest treason, lurking, might betray

Him, homeward from the mansion.

How then the Rebel sat all night,

Pale, pondering till his candle light

Died out in day's expansion.

And how, at length, ambition's sway

Preponderating, paved the way

'Gainst reason to demur,  
Misled him thus ; and then his home,  
Vast, proud in wealth, to fame far known,  
Became a sepulcher.

Thus talked the guide. Still higher, then  
We'd passed the cook-house, and the pen  
Where once the slave in sorrow  
Had tugged and toiled his journey through ; —  
Unfettered freedom never knew,  
Yet, hopeful of the morrow,

Had prayerful lived a languid life ;  
Weaned of the world and worn of strife,

Earth's toils unpaid had slain him.<sup>38</sup>  
Dread then the wrath of God, for sin  
In fearful judgments fell on him  
Who had the heart to chain him.

Eternal frosts, with deadly blight,  
From the heavens above, fell down that night,  
    When Lee took marching orders;  
Sweet fields no more could bloom to bear,  
Nor tender vine, with vintage rare,  
    Had growth within these borders.

Then a crimson cloud, like fire and hail,  
Swept o'er the world! Dread storm and gale,  
    Brought conflicts unexpected;  
And ere the skies had ceased to frown,  
These garden walls came crumbling down,  
    No more to be erected.

From thence decay, in broad expansion,  
Like rancorous rust, invades the mansion, —  
    Its proud, plantation glory;  
And nought is left of former days,



Save the boding owl that hoots her lays

In grief, to tell the story.

We've reached the highlands, passed the brow,

Amid the shade - trees, opening now

To another field impressive ;<sup>39</sup>

In sight of thirteen thousand more,

Alike in order as before,

There gallant graves, successive,

Loom up, in boundless whiteness shone,

And far and near, erect, alone,

The night-watch stands on duty ;

While, on the way to vill and town,

Sweet stars came up, when the sun went down,

They twinkle bright in beauty.

Still near me, on the left, behold,

Two thousand more, their names untold,

Together hither slumber ;  
No native hamlet, house nor home,  
Nor loved one kind to earth is known,  
Of all their sainted number.

Strangers, indeed ! but no less brave  
In brunt of battle, there they gave  
Sweet life to treason's havoc ;  
From bleakest bloody fields they've come,  
Out from the shades of old Bull Run,  
And down the Rappahannock.

Immortal ! yet at peace for aye,  
Earth has a treasure 'neath this clay,  
Alike, she hath no other ;  
For here her bravest sons are laid,  
And here a nation's tears are paid, —  
Each heart hath here a brother.

And here's a meek memorial stone,  
Bedecked with cannons high, alone,

On guard, in grandeur common ;  
They've thundered loud the vales along,  
Have blazed in battle brave and strong,  
But now keep silence solemn.

Brisk blow, ye bleak winds, 'bove the brow,  
Enchant the oaks for aye, as now,

Breathe mild and balmy whispers ;  
The prowess of Earth's noblest braves,  
From the nether skies in plaintive praise,  
Bring harps and holy vespers !

And higher let creation's cares  
Inspire the spheres to vocal airs,  
For deeds of noble daring ;  
That a giddy world may learn and know,

While countless ages come and go

True valor, thus declaring.<sup>40</sup>

But who are these, meandering slow,

In sable garments, bending low,

Of spirit burdened, blighted,—

Deep in the fields at shaded urn,

Or down the way, as if to learn

A lesson, here benighted?

In truth, 'tis but the ties of love,

The hapless, hopeless heart doth move,

Allures it while it wanders;

Far from a cabin, prairie home,

An aged father here hath come,—

Beneath a tree he ponders.

And further still in the branchy glade,

Where many a valiant son is laid,  
A mother finds an altar—  
Is kneeling low—I heard her prayer;  
'Neath northern skies, she came from there,  
Yet had no heart to falter.  
Down from that care that cradled him,  
A vital spark doth burn within,—  
The God of nature gave it;  
Come life or death, 'tis true, the same,  
At the grave it kindles to a flame,—  
Our dear old mothers have it.  
Still deeper, 'neath the shades between,  
A daughter pale is wandering seen,  
A lad alone attends her;  
And there, above a mossy mound,  
A household name at length is found;  
Sad thought begins to rend her.

Much more, the boy inclines to talk,  
For he with the father used to walk—

We list, the little lisper, —  
Imploring the maid with mien sincere,  
“My papa! does he know I’m here?  
I thought I heard him whisper!”

Ah! is it true the dead at rest,  
With tenderest thought and knowledge blest,  
Still heed our wayward walking?  
Though strange to earth, God knows it well,  
How many truths a child may tell,  
Whene’er you hear him talking.

’Tis late! The groups have left the ground,  
As they were wont at daylight down,  
Who’d firmer steps, yet faster;  
Still lingering long, inclined to abide,

A lady and her dog beside,

The widow of his master.

And now I turn to look at Tray,

A tale we'd heard of him one day,—

[T was no unfounded tattle;]

How firm he'd followed, prompt and warm,

Close to his master, 'mid the storm

That shook the field of battle; —

How the master fell at one of the rounds, —

Then how he licked his dying wounds,

And then laid down beside him; —

And when, next day, they buried him low,

Old Tray refused away to go;

In truthful trust abiding.

'T was long—'t was many a trial day,

Ere the lone widow found her way

To the field of dread disaster ;  
Dark, humid nights of storm and hail  
Had intervened. And she grew pale,  
Yet came to find the master.

Long, long she wandered, none could tell  
Where the hero laid nor where he fell,  
And daylight was departing ;  
While tearful, thence to turn away,  
She heard a voice,—’t was the same old Tray, —  
He hailed her howling, barking ; —

The instinct of his nature rare,  
His head was high to the tainted air,  
As if in expectation ; —  
His eye, his ear, his faith expressed,  
He ran, he flew to greet the guest  
To hail her visitation.



A detailed black and white engraving of a buffalo standing in a field. The buffalo is positioned in the lower-left foreground, facing right. It has a large, dark body with a lighter-colored head and horns. In the background, a small figure of a person stands near a line of trees. The landscape is hilly and covered in grass, with a large, dark, rounded shape on the left side of the image. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations, with fine lines and cross-hatching for shading.





Three times he crouched upon the ground,  
And three times more he made a bound,  
Then whining, told the story;  
And then he turned, and led the way,  
Where did her hidden treasures lay, —  
The end of earthly glory.

Cold were the curtains overhead,  
And cold the clods that bent his bed,  
Above the master's ashes;  
Yet there, when Tray laid down again,  
A ray of hope, from the heavens it came,  
Beneath a cloud it flashes!

Great God of grace, of love profound,  
Could we to Thee as true be found,  
Thy frown we'd never fear it;  
Dread war hath waned, the years go by,

That treasure still is hidden nigh,

And the widow's dog stands near it.<sup>41</sup>

Then next we come to a crumbling stone,

Brave names are here, historic known,

Of ancient men and mothers!<sup>42</sup>

Deep in the wild-wood, there is one,

Good "Mary Randolph Washington,"

Afar from all the others.

'Twas but the choice that love provokes,

To dwell in the midst of crowded oaks,

Whose branches, exemplary,

Strive but to weave, as the years go round,

A hedge in the heavens, a wreath profound,

In honor true to Mary.

Within huge walls, at Heaven's will,

While ages roll, 'tis Mary still, —

No trespassers offend her ;  
An awful spell pervades the woods ; —  
In spite of war, or storm, or floods,  
The wood-nymphs proud, attend her.

I list to hear them in the trees  
With angels talking, true to please,  
Down from that world above her ;  
From there are spirits whispering nigh,  
I hear them as the gales go by,  
In the faith of friend and lover.

How beauteous is the gateway here,  
That leads from earth to heaven, so near,  
It meets my finite vision ;  
It spans the whirling spheres afar,  
The midnight moon, the shooting star,  
That lingers in transition.

I see it above the distant day,  
The northern lights, the milky way,  
Grand, glorious in reflection!  
Pervading the shades that night hath found,  
Through the vaulted sky, bespangled round,  
Sweet dawn in God's perfection!

Oh, Father Jove! in whom we live,  
We hail thy presence! and we strive  
To bring Thee true oblation;  
For this indeed is hallowed ground,  
Indeed, our pilgrim feet have found  
Thine earthly habitation!

Spare us! To Thee, O lead us near,  
No more to wander in a sphere  
Of warfare, or of weeping;  
Earth's fearful, fatal fetters break,



Abundant in Thy grace, O take

Us to Thy kindly keeping !<sup>43</sup>

Weary, the guide inclines to go,

Meandering through the woods below,

Stands at the gate, is beckoning now,

Expostulates, me pondering ;

Turning, advancing at command,

With more than thanks I fill his hand,

While silence reigns o'er all the land,

To me, home wandering,

Sedate, impressed ; while now and then,

A siren voice invades the glen,

A peaceful prayer, a trite amen,

Goes up to the gracious Giver ;

And though the Owl is moping still,

And Death is dreadful on the hill,

God's candle lights the heaven's fill ;

They burn upon the river.

Back, o'er its winding waters deep,

Where lives a Nation, left to weep,

With giddy throngs, I fell asleep

From care ; at rest, reclining,

Yet dreamed of what the heart may know,

What makes for weal, what makes for woe,

Of Earth's uncounted ills, that flow

From Satan, and from sinning ;—

Wandering, and yet to faith inclined,

Drowned deep, o'erwhelmed in darkness, blind ;

Awake at morn—'t is sweet to find

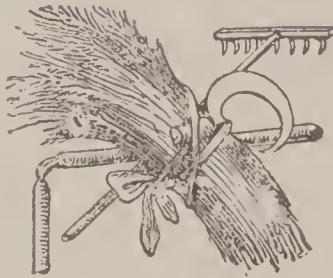
What grace alone can give us !

The clouds of night away had whirled,

The king of day stands o'er the world,



Ten thousand banners float unfurled,  
And the God of heaven is with us !







## APPENDIX.

Note 1, page 12. An Eagle, in Vienna, lived in confinement after his capture, 104 years. A Maine journal says: "There is an eagle's nest in a tree on the shore of the Mattawaumkeag Lake in Maine, which has continued there ever since the country was first visited by white men."

Note 2, page 21. The ark rested on the 17th day of the 7th month on Mount Ararat; and the waters decreased to the 1st day of the 10th month; when the mountains were seen.—Gen. 8: 4, 5. Ararat is in the center of Armenia, and is 17,200 feet above the level of the sea.

Note 3, page 22. "Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped."—Job 1: 20. See also Job 2: 1—8, 12,

Note 4, page 23. One of the Assyrian gods was in form, an eagle's head and a man's body; in whose temple and in the very act of idolatry, Sennacherib was slain by his two sons. Among the ancient Arabs also, the Eagle was held as an idol.—*Bib. Dic. Nisrock.* 2 Kings 19: 17, 18.

Note 5, page 23. Horeb includes a group of summits of which Sinai is one. It is in Arabia Petrea, between the two arms of the Red Sea. Here Moses wandered after he had slain the Egyptian, saw the burning bush, and received a commission; and here he heard and obeyed the command: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." Elijah took up his residence here in a cave, when he had fled from the wrath of Jezebel, and here he sat under the juniper tree, and heard the "still small voice,"—heard the earth quake, and saw the miraculous lightnings; and it was here he received a promise of God for the deliverance of Israel.

Note 6, page 23. In Mount Moriah, Abraham 1871 years B. C. offered up Isaac. On this hill the temple of Jerusalem was built; and it was here that "David interceded for his people at the threshing floor of Aramiah."

Note 7, page 23. *Tabor* is an isolated mountain of Galilee. It is on the northeastern side of the plain of Esdraclon. Here Christ, with Moses and Elias, appeared in the transfiguration. Peter proposed the building of three tabernacles here. [St. Matt. 17: 1-3] And here, 2000 years later, Napoleon, [July 25, 1799] with 3000 Infantry, under Kleber and a small force of Cavalry under Murat, fought "the battle of Mount Tabor" against about 25,000 Turks, under Gen'l "Pacha."

Kleber, having arrived by way of Nazareth, and being attacked by the enemy's Cavalry in great forces, formed into squares with his

artillery at the corners. For a long time the contest was fearful. But at length Napoleon and Murat, descending from the brow of Tabor with a small reserve of Cavalry, fell upon the flanks of the enemy, and put him to flight with great slaughter. Twelve thousand were slain, and 6000 Turks taken prisoners.

Note 8, page 24. On Mount Hor Aaron died. Aaron's son, Eleazer, and Moses only were present at his death. His tomb is on the summit. The tribes in the valley mourned 30 days. "This mountain is of conical form, and is on the east side of Arabah, between the Dead Sea and the Elanitic Gulf."

Note 9, page 24. On *Sinai* the law on the tables of stone were given to Moses. While there, away from the tribes, the golden calf was constructed under the leadership of Aaron, which in the end cost the idolaters 3000 lives. And it does not appear that any more such calves were made that year.

Note 10, page 24. In *Carmel*, Elijah, in time of drought and famine, prayed for rain. Up here the tribes flocked to learn the cause of God's displeasure. Baal's Prophets, 850 in number, were also here, and the top of Carmel was covered. And here Elijah stood forth inquiring, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then follow him?"

Elijah triumphed; and here he repaired the altar for the twelve tribes.

This mountain is upon a great promontory upon the coast of Palestine. Its summits are green with trees.

Note 11, page 24. *Mount Zion*, as well as *Jerusalem*, is a term often used to represent the Church. It is the highest and the southernmost mount of Jerusalem. It rises 2500 feet above the Mediterranean Sea, and has on its west the valley of Gihon, on its south Hinnon, and on its southeast Kidron.

Note 12, page 24. Joseph died B. C. 1637, at the age of 110 years, and was embalmed. He had expressed a desire to be buried at Canaan.

Accordingly 150 years afterwards, Moses, the leader of Israel, took the bones of Joseph, and carried them along with the tribes through the wilderness.—Gen. 50: 25, 26. Exodus 13: 19.

And now in Canaan, near the western entrance of the Valley of Shechem, beneath some trees, “a low stone” covers the grave of Joseph.

Note 13, page 24. From Mount Pisgah Moses was permitted to see Canaan. Here he died, solitary and alone, after taking leave of the tribes at its base.

Note 14, page 24. “Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bear you on eagles’ wings, and brought you unto myself.”—Exodus 19: 4-6.

Note 15, page 29. The eagle was an emblem in Rome, in Persia and in Greece as he is now in the United States of America.

Note 16, page 29. Lebanon is the mountain of the cedars, alluded to

by the Prophets and Poets of Israel to illustrate the beauties of the Church.

Note 17, page 31. On Mount Olivet occurred the conversation at the table, when the disciples were informed of what was about to transpire in the betrayal of their Master. Here He was arrested by the Roman soldiers, who passed down with their prisoner over Kedron to Jerusalem.

The scene at the crucifixion is described in St. Matthew 27: 45, 46, and by St. Mark, Luke and John. The trial was at Pilate's hall in Jerusalem, and from thence they proceeded to Calvary.

Note 19 page 32. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."—Isaiah 40: 31.

Note 20, page 36. A constellation in the northern hemisphere is called "The Eagle," and has its right wing contiguous to the equinoctial. It contains "Altair," a star of the first magnitude.





(21.) “During the late Rebellion a veteran white-headed eagle was carried beside the standard bearer of the 8th Wisconsin Regiment.

At the beginning of the war he had been taken in northern Wisconsin by a Chippewa Indian. He was a magnificent bird, and seemed animated by a national enthusiasm. Adopted as a veteran, he became a pet of the Regiment. A soldier was detailed to take care of him and act as standard bearer, who gave him a place by the flag; his perch being cut in the shape of a shield and painted with the stars and stripes.

He seemed proud of his position, and often balanced himself with expanded wings,—a living national emblem. Under excitement his eye would flash, and his feathers quiver, as if he held the forked lightnings in his talons. The soldiers on catching a sight of the bird would kindle with fresh fervor, and often burst forth into cheers; and when they marched through a city, the eagle, borne aloft, excited the whole populace.

He seemed to share in the excitement of battles, and was in seventeen engagements. He was at the battle of Vicksburg, at Little Bear Creek, and in many fierce contests. The rebels called him



“Owl;” and “Yankee Buzzard.” They hated him. One commander declared he would rather capture that bird than the whole brigade.

Once a bullet ruffled his feathers: but it left him unharmed. He fought through the war, and came home in safety, yet, in triumph seemed to rejoice in the knowledge that the old flag was secure.

When the boys of the 8th Wisconsin returned home from the contest, they parted with their eagle with great regret. A place was assigned him in the Capitol, where he has a room and is well provided for; and during the morning he is among the trees in the park enjoying rest after the battles for his country. His name is “Old Abe.”

On the 4th of July, he was taken with the flags captured in various battles, and with the powder-stained banners which had waved above the noble volunteers of Wisconsin, was carried through the streets of the city, guarded by the boys of the 8th, who still retain their care for him.

It was the event of the day. Everybody there knows “Old Abe.” And at the Chicago Fair, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, the sum raised by an additional fee for a visit to the bird, amounted to \$20,000. All honor to the brave sons of Wisconsin! And long life to their Eagle.”—[From a letter in the Boston *Transcript*.]

Note 22, page 36. In the four years' rebellion which culminated in the abolition of slavery in the United States, about 600,000 lives were lost.

Note 23, page 37. Wonalancet was a chief, — was a son of Passaconaway. His wigwam and fort were at Wamesit, now Lowell. Traces of his fort are still to be found at Fort Hill, about half a mile south of the junction of the Concord and Merrimac rivers. "This sachem countenanced religion, and it was at his wigwam that Mr. Elliot and Mr. Gookin, on the 5th of May, 1764, held a meeting." His house was near Pawtucket Falls, on the Merrimac. He (as Gookin said,) was "a sober and grave person, and of years, between 50 and 60."

Mr. Drake, in his history of the Indians, tells the following story: —

In 1662, Winnepurket, then known as the Sachem of Saugus, made known to the chief of Pennacook, that he desired to marry his daughter, which, being agreeable to all parties, was soon consummated at the residence of Passaconaway, and the hilarity was closed with a great feast. And then, by direction of the chief, a select number of men attended the new-married couple to the dwelling of the husband. There, also, they held a feast several days. Such was the custom in the days of Wonalancet.

Note 24, page 42. "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father." . . . "For I was an

hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink."

—St. Matt. 25: 34-36.

Note 25, page 45. Fremont "hearing that Springfield, fifty-one miles from his camp, was held by only three hundred rebels, despatched Major Zagonyi, a Hungarian, with his body guard of one hundred and fifty, in advance of his arrival." [*Headley's History*, vol. i. p. 182.] In nineteen hours they assailed the enemy victoriously, as expressed in the context.

Note 26, page 50. At a battle in the "Wilderness" a young soldier had fallen; and at his burial a letter arrived from the one he loved at home. As his comrades were about to consign him to his final resting place, the letter, attracting their attention, caused a moment's delay. The chaplain took the letter and pinning it to the bosom of the soldier, addressed the bearers thus: "Now bury him;—he'll read it when he wakes."

Note 27, page 63. This passage refers to a lad late deceased, who lived in the neighborhood of this grove and used to swing on a tree above a spacious rock, and had become the pet of the visitors at Greenwood.

Note 28, page 72. The grove referred to stands on a high point of land in Centralville, Lowell, Mass., which overlooks "Hunt's Falls" and the city. Its shade and prospect are grateful to visitors who go up there, as well as to the feathered tribe.

Note 29, page 74. Tisquantum was a Chief of the Patuxet Tribe

who, among others, roved upon the rivers of New England. When a lad, he was carried to England by a vessel that came to the New World, and was held there as a curiosity. But having, somehow, found his way back here, he, in course of time, became a chief.—When the Pilgrims came, Tisquantum had become old, and all his tribe had been swept away by the plague of 1617. He was friendly to the Pilgrims, joined their church, but lived thereafterward only about two years. He died in 1622. The death of the Patuxet tribe was regarded by the Pilgrims as a special interposition of Providence in opening a space for the planting of their colony.

Note 30, page 90. A national convention was held at Chicago in 1864 in which it is said the confederacy took deep interest.

Note 31, page 90. On Feb. 3. 1865, R. M. Hunter of Va., A. H. Stevens, and J. A. Campbell of Alabama, as agents for the Confederate States, came to Hampton Roads, and made proposals to Mr. Lincoln for a compromise, thereby to prevent, as they pretended, all further progress of the war. But the negotiation failed.

Note 32, page 104. During the rebellion, some of the Senators and Representatives in Congress, had been expelled for disloyalty.

Note 33, page 108. The fact that Gen. Patterson did not intercept Johnston's march on his way to this battle, was taken by many as evidence of P's disloyalty. But, as against a veteran officer, previously well tried and sustained, we do not believe the suspicion to be well founded.

Note 34, page 109. Wm. H. Russell represented the "London Times," in the retreat at Bull Run.

Note 35, page 130. *Arlington Heights* is the center of a large estate of 1,165 acres of land, with a stately mansion, which, from its lofty position, overlooks to the eastward, the proud Potomac and Washington City. Up to the breaking out of the rebellion, Arlington was the homestead of Robert E. Lee. In landscape, it was lofty, varied and beautiful. The most elevated part of it, comprising about 140 acres, is now enclosed as a National Cemetery, and retains its original name, "Arlington."

Lee favored secession. He had served a subaltern, of Gen. Scott, and an effort was made on the part of the General Government, through Scott, to dissuade him from so rash a purpose, but of no avail. He joined the Confederate Army, and subsequently became their commanding General. Absence, 4 years in the war, excluded Lee from his estate, and subjected it to the encumbrance of unpaid taxes. In process of time it was sold; the Government purchased it, and, thus by tax - title, became the proprietor in fee of the whole estate.

These Heights by association, as well as by location and elevation, had become a fit place as a depository of the dead, then about to be exhumed from the neighboring battle - fields of the rebellion, and were finally consecrated to that end.

At this time, passing over from the bridge at Georgetown, up to and over that "city of the dead," the objects of interest that present them-

selves, are numerous and impressive. First of all, on the right side of this highway, is a field rising from it, including a spacious hill, covered with the graves of six thousand soldiers. These soldiers, as well as those on the Heights, rest side by side, about four feet apart. Gravel foot-paths, two or three feet in width, extend across the field at the foot of each tier of graves, along which the pilgrim visitor may pass, and passing, may read from a white slab monument at the head of the grave, —

1. Its Number.
2. The soldier's full name and rank.
3. His State, Regiment and Company.
4. Where and how he fell.

And on the margin of about one in ten of all these monuments, in impressive letters, is the word, "*Rebel.*" Iron, at some convenient day, is intended to take the place of these board monuments, by which the records above named are to be made perpetual and enduring.

Note 36, page 132. Not far beyond this field, on the same road, is the gate-house, and a driveway leading from it and from the road, divers courses through a dense forest of oaks up to the Lee mansion.

Note 37, page 133. In the rear of the mansion, beneath a tree in the forest, is a place designated as the point where the venerable Scott left his horses, when he called on Lee to dissuade him from his purpose of joining the Confederacy.

Note 38, page 135. Still nearer to the mansion and directly in rear



of it, extending back from it, are two long and narrow buildings, the one used as a kitchen, the other formerly occupied by the slaves of the plantation.

Note 39, page 137. On the heights westward of the mansion, the oaks open into another spacious field, which has been made the depository of about 13,000 other soldiers, in the same form and order as in the field described above in Note 35.

Note 40, page 140. Towards the southwest and within a few rods of the mansion, there is a large monument of granite, with cannon upon it pointing East, West, North, and South. On the westerly side of it, is an inscription, from which the following is copied :

*“Beneath this stone are the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route of the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country. Its grateful citizens cherish the memory of its honored army of martyrs. May they rest in peace.—Sept. 1866.”*

Note 41, page 146. Also a similar instance of fidelity occurred at the battle of Shiloh, Aug. 10, 1861, as related in Kirkland's Incidents of the War, page 587, in which it appears a dog of Lient. Louis Pheff, of Chicago, that had stood by him when he fell, thereafterward, laid upon his grave twelve days, and thus became the only agency by which Mrs. Pheff found the then resting place of her fallen husband.

Note 42, page 146. Not far from the mansion, there is an old Fam-

ily burying ground, containing, on its monuments, many names familiar known in former days.

Note 43, page 149. East of the mansion, down towards the gate-house, is the lonely grave of Mary Randolph Washington, in a lot about 12 feet square. Heavy oaks stand over it, deep in the woods on a hill side. It is enclosed by a high brick wall.















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